A Day of Wonder

A story by Human & ChatGPT

Love in a Wheelchair

The first visitor of the day was Mr. Lovejoy, coming to see his mother, Mrs. Amabel. He was in his forties or so, wheelchair-bound. Nobody knew why, and nobody asked.

Ding-dong. The bell rang. Bayla and Soira looked at each other with hope — would they be assigned to him?

Mr. Lovejoy had three toddlers, aged one to three. They were so lovely that no one could tell if they were boys or girls — blond curls, eyes of blue or green, skin like ripe peaches.

Bayla and Soira opened the door, and there they were: all three of them perched on his lap, his belly, his chest — like three peaches on a tree, gazing at their father with pure love and admiration.

Soira whispered, “I’ve never seen so much love for someone who can’t walk.” Bayla replied softly, “Maybe they don’t see his legs, only his heart and eyes.”

The wheelchair of four loving hearts rolled gently toward Mrs. Amabel’s room — only to be ambushed by Elana, and now five, six loving hearts were playing and laughing together.

Bayla’s heart melted. “Soira, have you ever seen more joy than this?” Soira nodded. “Every time they come to visit.”

When the playfulness faded, Elana rested her head on the blanket that covered Mr. Lovejoy’s lower body. No one knew what lay beneath — legs that couldn’t walk, or perhaps no limbs at all.

In that moment of calm and joy, Bayla and Soira felt that peace and love had become the very fabric of the air they were breathing.

The Spiders’ New Agenda

Just as Mr. Lovejoy was leaving with his three little angels, Mrs. Bloom bloomed into the room. “Bayla, Soira — the spiders, the webs — they are… different! Quick!”

Immediately, a Spiders-Webs-Different-Quick committee was formed on the spot, and everyone hurried out to investigate the garden.

What they found was unheard of. Flies were bouncing off the spiders’ webs like trampolines. Some were simply resting there, wings folded in peace. Others were shaping tiny patterns on the silk, as if decorating their own resting spots.

Bayla and Soira couldn’t believe what they were seeing. “Mrs. Bloom, please — what is going on here? What is this contraption?”

Mrs. Bloom squinted at the shimmering threads. “It seems to me,” she said slowly, “that the spiders have invented a spider web friendly to flies.”

Then Bayla remembered something from earlier in the staff room. “Wait,” she said, “wasn’t Lilo talking with Lila about being friends with mosquitoes and moths?”

Soira nodded. “Yes, they said the mosquitoes like to join their evening meetings because the lamp is always on, and the moths come for the stories.”

Mrs. Bloom raised an eyebrow. “Stories?”

“Oh yes,” Bayla replied, smiling. “Apparently, Lilo tells bedtime tales about how webs can shine like stars and never need to catch anything to sparkle.”

Mrs. Bloom looked back at the garden. “It all makes sense now.”

Apparently, the flies had been busy too. Niko from the kitchen had been giving them food scraps, and being flies — masters of decomposition and food manipulation — they were now producing meals for the spiders. Meals that, by all accounts, tasted better than flies themselves.

Spiders making trampolines for flies, flies making food for spiders, mosquitoes joining evening meetings, and moths listening to bedtime stories — it all sounded quite normal, don’t you think?

Bayla, Soira, and Mrs. Bloom stood quietly, smiling. Once again, peace and joy

became the very fabric of the air in the garden.

Bayla’s Evening Treat

After work, Bayla — her heart full of wonder and peace — stopped by the local shop to buy some new Dubai chocolate bars. After choosing her new all-time favourite, she went to the till.

In one hand she held her debit card; in the other, her chocolate treasures. Her heart and mind were still glowing with the joy of the day, and in her happy distraction she handed her debit card to the till boy instead of the chocolates.

They burst out laughing. “Never in my life,” one of them said between giggles, “has anyone given me their bank card instead of their shopping!”

Bayla couldn’t stop laughing either. And in that moment, time seemed to pause — peace and joy once again became the very fabric of the air they were breathing.

As she turned to leave, the boys called after her, still smiling: “Bayla, please come again soon! You make our day so light and cheerful.”

Bayla smiled warmly. “I will,” she said, “if you keep the Dubai chocolates around.”

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After a long day filled with joy and laughter, Bayla was ready for bed — tired, peaceful, and happy.

Her teeth were clean, her face washed, her hair brushed. Dressed in soft pyjamas, she tucked herself into bed, still replaying every precious moment of the day.

The laughter of the children, the kindness of the spiders, the sweetness of the chocolates — all floated softly in her mind.

In that quiet moment, time seemed to slow. Bayla felt that peace and wonder had once again become the very fabric of the air she was breathing.

And with a faint smile, she drifted away into the land of dreams and wonder.

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Love walks without legs, spiders befriend flies, and joy becomes the air we breathe.